

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, August 27, 1803.

The Village Curate;

OR,

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A TALE.

(CONCLUDED.)

TRUEMAN walked to the bottom of the garden, and found his lovely Charlotte seated in a bower of osiers, which she herself had reared. She held a letter in her hand, which, as she perused, the tears of anguish fell from her sorrowing eyes. Trueman's approach roused the weeping maid; she started from her seat, hurried the letter into her pocket; and, with wildness in her air, darted an angry look at the astonished youth.

"Why, my lovely Charlotte," said he, alarmed at her strangeness, "why do you thus angrily fix on me those streaming eyes?"

"Answer me faithfully," said she; "art thou what thou seemest? or, beneath that mean attire, but ill according with thy polished phrase and manner, dost thou not hide—Ha! my fears are true! The blush of guilt has crimsoned o'er thy face; and that confused air, that sudden start, proclaim thee false!"

"Tell me," said Trueman, recovering himself, "the grounds on which you have raised this unkind suspicion of my honour?"

"This will inform you, Sir," replied Miss Benley, drawing from her bosom a paper—

"A friend of Miss Benley advises her to be on her guard. Trueman is not what he seems; but, beneath the appearance of rustic honesty, harbours designs destructive of her peace and honour."

"Now, Sir, what can you plead to this charge?" asked the suspicious maid.

"Miss Benley," said Trueman, in a firm and animated tone, "that I love you, I think, notwithstanding the insinuations of this vile incendiary, is still beyond dispute. That you approved my passion, nay, owned a mutual flame, is equally on the side of truth. To the charge here preferred against me, that I am not what I seem, I plead guilty; but, to the rest, with all my soul, I pronounce it a base falsehood, which at the peril of my life, I will prove on its author, if ever fortune shall make the traitor known."

"Less warmth, methinks, Sir," said the angry maid, "will better serve the cause of truth."

"Less warmth, Madam," returned Trueman, "would confirm me the guilty wretch your hard thoughts and this vile scroll have made me. But tell me, Charlotte, if I can repel by truth indubitable this unjust arraignment of my honour, what reward I may expect?"

"Oh!" said the half-forgiving nymph, "clear but thyself of these gross suspicions, with which I do confess my mind is filled; appear but the man my fond wishes have formed thee, and though fortune, while she raised me to the giddy heights of greatness, should sink thee to the lowest ebb of poverty, I would reject the crowned monarch's hand, to share thy honest love!"

"Then dismiss thy fears," said the enraptured lover; "and know that he who thus prostrates himself at thy feet, a willing slave, is the happy Belfont."

"Lord Belfont!" exclaimed the astonished Charlotte.

"Yes, my dear girl," he returned, "the rich, the happy Belfont, lives the vassal of your power. In the haunts of titled grandeur, amid the sumptuous domes of great-

ness, I sought for beauty, worth and honour; for pure, disinterested love; but fruitless was my search. In the calm, sequestered shades of humble life, in the person of my lovely Charlotte, I have found them; nor would I, for all else beneath the canopy of heaven, forego the envied prize. But tell me, lovely girl," continued he, "from what envious hand didst thou receive this vile defamer of my truth?"

"Last night, when dancing on the green," replied Miss Benley, "a letter fell from your pocket. I took it up unobserved; and after the company retired, perused its contents; from these I learned that you were in disguise."

"And the rest," replied Belfont, "your fears supplied?"

"Even so, my lord," in soft confusion, replied the lovely maid.

"Then truly," said Belfont, "you had reason for suspicion. But come, my lovely bride—for such I may now call you," continued his lordship—"let us disclose our mutual passion to your parents. Their approbation gained, we will then name the happy day."

The yielding fair one gave him her hand, and he led her to the cottage, where he found Mr. Benley on the point of going out. "May I entreat a moment's conversation before you leave us, Sir?" asked his lordship.

"Aye, my good Sir, an hour's, if you please," replied Mr. Benley.

"Thus it is, Sir," said Belfont. "Your daughter has beauty, worth and innocence. To say I barely love her, falls far short of the measure of my affections. I sought, I gained her fond regard; and it is now our mutual wish, with your consent, to exchange, at the altar, our holy vows, and sign a contract of eternal love."

"How say you, Charlotte?" asked Mr.

Benley. 'In this does Mr. Trueman speak the wishes of your heart?'

'He has my free consent, Sir, to what he now proposes,' answered the blushing maid.

'The request is somewhat sudden,' resumed Mr. Benley. 'It is true, I have found you worthy; and your merit well deserves the treasure which it seeks; but a tender regard for the happiness of my child forbids me to give a too precipitate answer; and some little enquiry, methinks, is necessary to—'

'True,' interrupted Belfont, 'it is a matter that requires the most serious consideration; and the reluctance which you feel to decide this important request, without examining the merits of the suitor, gives additional worth to your character. An accident,' continued his lordship, 'has revealed to the fair object of my wishes—or I should have worn the mask a few days longer—that he who sought to win her love, was not the lowly peasant he appeared. With angry voice she questioned my fidelity; and charged me—heaven knows how wrongfully—with meditating designs against her honour. To repel this unjust suspicion of the purest passion that ever warmed the breast of a man, I threw aside disguise, and confessed myself the happy Belfont.'

'Your lordship does not mean to sport with our misfortunes?' said the astonished parent.

'No, on my honour,' replied his lordship, 'that which I have proposed, it is my most earnest wish should be accomplished.'

'Then take her, my lord,' said Mr. Benley, presenting to him his daughter's hand; 'and may she prove deserving of your love?'

'Thanks, a thousand thanks!' returned the grateful youth, 'for the precious gift.—And now, Sir, by your leave, we will again assemble our rustic friends, and spend the night in merriment; and to-morrow, yes! if my Charlotte will indulge the fond request, to-morrow's sun shall light us to the bridal bed!'

The lovely maid smiled consent; and Mr. Benley hastened to the village, where the joyful tidings soon spread. The tenants flew with cheerful haste to pay their duty to their illustrious landlord, and none refused the invitation of his lordship.

"Joy reign'd, and Pleasure lit the smiling scene."

The dance, the song, the catch, and melody, went round, while time flew swiftly on; and night, almost unobserved, resigned her sable reign. The ruddy morn peeped o'er the misty mountain's top; and the gairish sun, with more than usual brightness, rose to grace the nuptials of the happy pair.

Transplanted from the vale of humble life, into the gay parterre of stately grandeur, the virtues of the beautiful Charlotte in all their native splendour shone. The enamoured Belfont, each returning day, found in his lovely consort new beauties to admire; while a numerous offspring, emblems of the race from whence they sprung, heightened the pleasures of the marriage state, and filled the measure of their earthly bliss.

ADVENTURES OF A PEN.

SOME evenings ago, as I was meditating on the surprising events which variegate human existence, I sunk gradually into a soft and benignant repose, which produced at length a kind of allegoric vision, that presented the following circumstances:—Methought the PEN with which I had been writing, lifted itself erect on its standish, and assuming the power of writing, without being, as heretofore, governed by the human hand, thus marked its own eventful history, on the paper which I had left upon the table in my library.

"As to that part of me which relates to my original body in its state of goosehood, it was eaten on the birth-day of my mistress, and the very wing on which I grew afforded her fair sister—afterwards a duchess, a Michaelmas dinner. I was flung into the common kitchen, and underwent the most servile offices of culinary drudgery; the scullion wench using me for a time to sweep the dust from the chimney-piece, till the foot-boy, in a fit of frolic, tossed me on the back of the fire, where I had been infallibly burnt, had not the coachman, a grave prudent personage, happening that moment to want a quill, snatched me from the flames; he withdrew with me to his stable (after I had undergone an immersion from the pump; and was at length brought to my natural transparency.) From this advance in fortune, I first became a PEN, though 'sent into this breathing world but half made up,' as king Richard says. My first employ, after this migration, was to write the dictates of my simple protector's heart, to a young woman on whom he had cast the eye of affection; but I scorn to tell the secrets of any man whose acquaintance I have enjoyed, being a pen of stricter honour; yet I cannot help noticing, that though the stile of the coachman was without refinement, and the sentiment without elegance, yet it was full of a much better thing, sincerity. Having superscribed his epistle to his beloved, I was placed in a stout machine of horn, where I had not stood long, before the butler, coming into the stable, and having a memoran-

dum to put down, made me write in the leaf of a small pocket-book, as follows: Mem.—The five dozen of Burgundy for my private friends, to be charged to the account of election-riots, January 17—&c. And the large silver cup and salver, which I presented to dear Jenny Catchim, to be laid to black Jack that was hanged for a highway robbery—N. B. Dead men tell no tales. Methought I felt my very feathers stand erect upon my back with indignation, at the villainy of this unfaithful steward, and heartily wished for the unassisted power of writing, to detect him. Having taken these minutes of his knavery, he replaced me in the inkhorn; from whence I was again suddenly drawn forth by the eldest son of the family, a wild young gentleman, who being suspected of certain practices by his parents, retired into this privacy, to pen a few lines to a poor young creature, who had surrendered up to him, first her affections, and lastly her virtue. But mum: a pen of integrity should never blab. There are secrets in all families. The youth, with my assistance, made another appointment, which the deluded fair one no doubt observed. Here a second time I began to feel my rage swell at the thought, that I was in any measure forced into the service of vice, and become literally an instrument to so heinous a seduction: at that moment my detestation of the act so wholly possessed me, that I twirled myself round in his hand, and dropped a large blot on those contents which ought to remain blotted for ever; but, alas! this effort of virtue, so far from availing any thing, had nearly proved my destruction; for the rash young man compelled me to do the hateful work over again; and still expressing my dislike, by a refusal to make the vile sentiment legible, he damned me for a good-for-nothing son of a goose, and deepened the slit of my tongue; and not even then answering his vile purposes, he dashed me with his full force against the corn-binn, which served him for a table; and then seeing me gaping in the jaws of ruin, swore I was a sad scoundrel, and left me gasping on the ground. I had not lain long in this lacerated situation, before my good friend the coachman, observing my distress, took me up, and bestowed an hearty curse upon my oppressor; but seeing my sad plight, and that I was now no longer likely to do him service, (copying the friendships of the world) he forsook me in my adversity, and let me drop again without the least emotion. From this condition I was removed to a much worse; being taken up and pitched upon a dunghill amongst the litter of the stable, where I remained in dis-

graceful inaction, till I was carried to manure the field. From whence I was picked up by a sportsman, whose piece flashing in the pan, made him suppose a stoppage in the touch-hole. I luckily answered the gunner's purpose, for which he rewarded me with a place in his pocket, where I lay snug betwixt a small brandy-bottle and a powder-horn. After the sport, upon my arrival at the house of my benefactor, I was hung over a screen with his clothes, at the kitchen fire. This was a lucky accident; it restored my strength, invigorated my frame, and about two hours after, the sportsman feeling in his pocket, found me hard, round, and in short, a pen of capability. This my new protector was clerk to a country attorney, who had taken advantage of his master's absence, to borrow not only his gun but his time: however, I was considered a fit associate, and was received into the service of a lawyer. To the business of the law I went then immediately, inasmuch that the young man doubling his diligence to escape detection, and appearing honest, that he might the better carry on roguery, engrossed that night three skins of parchment; and the day after I drew the copy of an old woman's will, who had resolved to disinherit her only child, because he had flung himself away upon a young girl, in possession of no other qualities to render the marriage state happy, than those of virtue, beauty, innocence and love. In the morning I was tucked into my master's hair, between his ear and curling-papers, and sometimes had the honour to 'pen a stanza' of most lamentable poetry, 'when I should engross.' But soon after I fell into the hands of the lawyer himself, and was in this promotion exalted into the deepest disgrace, being, I shiver to say, instrumental in many concerns, causes and cases, that under veil of equity, robbed the orphan of property, the heir of birthright, the matron of pittance, and the widow of her jointure. While I remained a drudge in this scandalous station, I was one day taken by the wretch, my master, to go into a small black leathern case, which he usually carried with him, filled with several of my brethren, to a poor man, labouring with a large, unfed, and naked family, whose goods he was going to distrain, as it is called; and that, through the mere avaricious malice of the landlord, who was offended with his tenant, not only for being behind hand with his rent, but for meeting him with a lamb under his arm that had died of the rot, and which he swore he had killed. I felt myself shake as I inserted in his barbarous inventory, the bedding of these unhappy people; and the ink absolutely ran

crimson to my nib, and then sallied back in a sable stream, as refusing to flow for some time, ere I could be persuaded to include in the wretch's cruel catalogue, the very cradle-linen of an infant, who was at the time sleeping between thread-worn blankets.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO EQUITAS.

SIR,

HAD you omitted one paragraph which appeared in your production, I should not have taken the trouble of making a reply; for what little else it contains, accords so nearly with the sentiments expressed by the *pettifogger* B*****s, that I would have conceived my last piece as sufficient a refutation for you, as it appears it was for him. But in the paragraph, on which I intend to make some observations, there is not only a palpable contradiction, but also such a *notoriously false* assertion, that I cannot pass it over without noticing and exposing it, in order to let the public know by what means you defend the cause you have espoused.

I allude to the second paragraph, in which you ask—"Where is there that lawyer in Philadelphia, who is not as good and honourable a member as you can find in the place? It is the only profession among whom there is not a single quack or rogue." This is truly "going upon a liberal scale;" so much so, that it is at the expence of your veracity; for even putting them upon a level with other professions, who would (except yourself) have the audacity to make such an assertion? "Certainly you cannot confess yourself so ignorant as to be the dupe of so gross an opinion," to believe they are all good, all honourable, and that there is not a single quack or rogue amongst them. If I was certain you were really possessed of no information; or if there was any necessity to mention the names, I could inform you of a number which have come under the sphere of my observation. But then, again, you ask—"Must we condemn the whole profession, because one has cheated us, another extorted large fees, or this or that lawyer procrastinated our cause?" What a strange inconsistency is this! In one sentence positively asserting *there is not a single one*; and in the next say, because there are some, we must not *condemn the whole*. Was this applied to any other profession I would concur in it; but as it is applied to the lawyers, I will not; for I am convinced there is not a lawyer

but will extort as large fees as he can; and not only that, but there are many who may, (by dint of enormous fees) be induced to renounce a cause they have undertaken, and espouse the opposite one. The following is an instance:—A certain eminent lawyer in this city was called upon by a party for his advice; he gave it. Some time after, it happened, that the other party also came to him for counsel, and giving rather a larger fee than the other, obtained it, which of course was directly opposite to that he had given before. When he was accused of this by the party whom he had wronged, he alleged in his defence, that he had given that judgment too precipitately, and therefore was not bound by it. Here is a fine proof of their being all good and honourable. Without making any further comments, I submit it to the reader to judge how much truth there is in your assertions, and infer from hence that you make falsehood your subterfuge.

But I cannot close these remarks without again observing the conformity of ideas between you and B*****s. Any person reading your production and his, cannot avoid noticing it. This may be accounted for; you are, perhaps, fellow-students—both seeing my piece at the same time, and having expressed your sentiments thereon mutually, each assumed the pen, committed his *sublime* ideas to paper, and dispatched it to Mr. Hogan for insertion. It being likely this was the case, you both certainly merit a title, for your excellent productions, I will therefore confer that of L. L. D. A—S—S, which you may each affix to your names with propriety, and by which in future (if I have occasion again to address you) you shall be distinguished.

JUSTITIA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I CANNOT concur with your correspondent, "The Lucublator," in opinion, that "the state of matrimony is the most happy of all other conditions." This is a proposition vague and unfounded, and requires no more to refute it, than to observe the manner in which married people live together. Why he should lay down such a proposition I am at a loss to determine; unless he has conceived that by being particular in his choice of a wife, it will be in his power to make it the most happy of all other conditions: but perhaps, if I relate the method which I adopted, to obtain a companion who would render me happy, he will alter his opinion.

When a young man, it was allowed that I was not very homely, and some even ventured to call me handsome: in addition to this, (which you know is a great consideration with the ladies) I had something of a fortune; and consequently the means which would allow me to choose (out of a middling large circle of ladies) one with whom I might make the married state the *most happy* of all others. Not to be too precipitate in my choice, I first studied the dispositions of my female friends. Wealth was not my object, nor was I determined to sacrifice *happiness* to *beauty*; a mild and gentle temper, united with chastity in a *virtuous* girl, were all that I desired. But I soon found the difficulty of my undertaking, and was several times on the point of relinquishing it: at length, however, I had the fortune, or misfortune, as you please, to find one in whose society I thought any condition in life would not fail to be tolerable. Alas! how soon I was undeceived!—Not many months had elapsed since our union at the altar of *Hymen*, ere the felicity I enjoyed, and fancied I should enjoy during life, was at an end. My wife, presuming she might *domineer*, by taking advantage of my peaceable disposition, began to *show her airs*. She would pout if the most trivial thing was done without *her orders*. Unwilling to live in quarrelling, and considering peace as a desirable object, I suffered her to have her own way for a while; but before many weeks I was obliged to assert my rights as master of the house; for she had prevailed so far as to get the key of my desk, (which before I had given up, was the cause of as much disturbance, as after I had again taken it) and squandered the money away at such a rate, by buying bonnets, gowns, laces, jewels, and other things, that I saw my ruin would be inevitable, if I did not put a stop to it. In order to avoid a quarrel, I represented to her what would be the consequence if she continued to spend so much money, and after a gentle remonstrance, requested the key of my desk; but, instead of a civil answer, I was forced to bear the *lash of her tongue*, or leave the house; the latter I chose, and retired until the *storm was over*.

Some days after I attempted to gain her by persuasion, but with no better success. Seeing that I must either succeed, or be reduced to poverty, I devised some means which at last answered, and put me in possession of my money, which I have secured, and give out only occasionally; but God knows what I have to suffer for it. There is scarce a moment's peace in the house. She is almost continually quarrelling; and

did I retaliate, I am certain she would turn to blows, and increase the disaster.

Such is the happiness I enjoy in matrimony, and I dare assert it is more or less the case in every family. If it be not the wife that causes the disturbance, it is the husband—if not the husband, the wife; or, if there are any who “are united in love mutual and inviolable,” there are a thousand things else to make them miserable. A sudden decline of fortune, when the father considers that his children will, perhaps, scarce have bread to eat. Some accident may befall one or other of them. Death may seize either the husband or wife. But it will be said then, “they can afford each other consolation in the hour of death.” What consolation, I ask, can they give? The pain of parting will be the greater, the more they attempt to console. If it should happen to be the husband, what must his affliction be, when he beholds his wife with tears in her eyes, endeavouring to soothe him; or his children hanging about him, mourning; and knowing that as he has no fortune to leave them, they must shuffle for themselves in a merciless world. Heavens! what a contrast does this form with the state of Celibacy!! The single man is free from care,—free from concern,—under no apprehension for wife or children;—when *called home*, he is ready to go,—prepared to die in peace, having none to leave in distress, and lament his loss.

MARITUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ON HAPPINESS AND CONTENTMENT.

COME, sweet Contentment! maid of celestial birth, attend my steps, as I travel through the vale of life; come, for my journey is difficult, and the road is intricate, and strewed with thorns; and though sometimes the blue sky is seen, and the sun shines, yet oft do storms arise, and blast my fairest hopes; come, for thou bringest with thee more bliss than can the possession of the wealth of worlds: without thee, riches, fame, wealth and honours, are but as shadows and as dreams of the night, like toys in the hands of a child, which cloy by possession.

Behold the rich man; see he possesses extensive estates, and splendid mansions; Plenty pours her treasures into his lap; his attendants obey his every command, and even anticipate his wishes: behold him, the envy of mankind, they think him the happiest of men—Surely, say they, that man

must be happy, his life passes on in the enjoyment of every blessing his soul can desire; Fortune has laid her treasures at his feet; a beauteous wife, a smiling offspring, uninterrupted health, numerous friends, ease, luxury, and the approbation of his fellow men; all these he possesses, all contribute their share to make him supremely blessed; he has not a wish unsatisfied; what then can make him unhappy?—Thus do we reason on the happiness of others; but we see not their real condition; our conclusions are all drawn from appearances deceptive and fallacious; we behold only the bright side of the picture; we see none of his griefs, his cares and anxieties, because we think that these are not attendants on those who bask in the sunshine of fortune. We ask ourselves whether, if we possessed those blessings, the enjoyment of which we envy him, would they not make us happy? we answer without hesitation, and without doubt, in the affirmative. But we reason unjustly; we estimate his happiness by comparing his condition with our own.

The poor man is apt to say of the rich—He, without the least labour, or the least trouble, is able to command every thing; while I must labour hard from day to day, to supply the wants of my family; surely, if I was independent, if I had no need of labour to support my family, if I could live entirely at my ease, I should be perfectly happy.—Vain thought! how much is he mistaken! happiness is attendant on no particular condition; she is equally common to the beggar and the monarch; she inhabits alike the humble cottage, where poverty has taken up her abode, as the gorgeous palace, where flattery pays her court to the proud mortal exalted by wealth or power above his fellows. But it is Contentment alone can lead her to us; where she is not, happiness can never be; and though while anxiously pursuing happiness, different persons point out different paths to lead us to her temple, different methods to induce her to dwell with us, yet if Contentment points not out the path, or leads her to our dwellings, our search will always end in disappointment.

In some future paper, I shall probably make some further remarks on the same subject.

CARLOS.

ANECDOTE.

A famous punster, giving his opinion respecting the stone Chapel at Boston, observed it was superior to all the churches upon the globe; *they* boasted of their *cannons*—*this*, in addition had *port holes*—alluding to the smallness of the windows.

Poets, Philosophers, and Artists, made by Accident.

THE question has long been agitated, whether there is any such thing in nature as an *original genius*; the following anecdotes at least shew, that some of the first geniuses have been formed by *accident*.

FATHER MALLEBRANCHE having completed his studies in philosophy, and theology, without any other intention than devoting himself to some religious order, he little expected to become of such celebrity as his works have made him. Loitering, in an idle hour, in the shop of a bookseller, in turning over a parcel of books, *L'Homme de Descartes* fell into his hands. Having dipt into some parts, he was induced to peruse the whole. It was this circumstance that produced those profound contemplations which gave birth to so many beautiful compositions in Physics, Metaphysics, and Morality, which have made him pass for the Plato of his age.

Cowley became a poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spenser's Fairy Queen; and by a continual study of Poetry, he became so enchanted of the Muse, that he grew irrecoverably a poet.

We owe to the deformities of Pope's person the inimitable beauties of his elaborate verse.

M. Vaucanson displayed an uncommon genius for Mechanics. His taste was first determined by this accident;—when very young, he frequently attended his mother to the residence of her confessor; and while she wept with repentance, he wept with weariness! In this state of disagreeable vacation, he was struck with the uniform motion of the pendulum of the clock in the hall. His curiosity was roused; he approached the clock-case, and studied its mechanism; what he could not discover, he guessed at. He then projected a similar machine, and gradually his genius produced a clock. Encouraged by this first success, he proceeded in his various attempts; and the genius which thus could form a clock, in time formed a fluting automaton.

It was a chance of the same kind which inspired Milton to write his Epics. Milton, "*fallen on evil days*," was happy to be enabled to retire; and it was in the leisure of retreat and disgrace, that he executed the poem which he had projected in his youth, a work which is rivalled by none, if we except the Italians.

If Shakespeare's imprudence had not obliged him to quit his wool trade, and his town; if he had not engaged with a com-

pany of actors, and at length, disgusted with being an indifferent performer, he had not turned author, the prudent woollseller had never been the celebrated poet.

Accident determined the taste of Moliere for the stage. His grandfather loved the theatre, and frequently carried him there. The young man lived in dissipation: the father observing it, asked, in anger, if his son was to be made an actor?—"Would to God," replied the grandfather, "he were as good an actor as Montrose!" The words struck young Moliere; he took a disgust to his tapestry trade; and it is to this circumstance France owes her greatest comic writer.

Corneille loved; he made verses for his mistress, became a poet, composed *Melite*, and afterwards his other celebrated pieces. But for this the discreet Corneille had remained a lawyer.

It is also well known, that we owe the labours of the immortal Newton, to a very trivial accident. "When in his younger days, he was a student at Cambridge, he had retired during the time of the plague, into the country. As he was reading under an apple-tree, one of the fruit fell, and struck him a smart blow on the head. When he observed the smallness of the apple, he was surprised at the force of the stroke. This led him to consider the accelerating motion of falling bodies; from whence he deduced the principles of gravity, and laid the foundation of his philosophy."

Granger observes on Ignatius Loyola, that he was a Spanish gentleman, who was dangerously wounded at the siege of Pampeluna. Having heated his imagination by reading the Lives of the Saints, which were brought to him in his illness, instead of a romance, he conceived a strong ambition to be the founder of a religious order. This is well known by the appellation of the Society of Jesus, or the Jesuits.

J. J. Rousseau found his eccentric powers first awakened by the advertisement of the singular annual subject which the Academy of Dijon proposed for that year, in which he wrote his celebrated Declamation against the Arts and Sciences. It was this circumstance which determined his future literary efforts.

La Fontaine, at the age of twenty-two, had not taken any profession, or devoted himself to any pursuit. Having accidentally heard some verses of Malherbe, he felt a sudden impression, which gave an eternal direction to his future life. He immediately bought a Malherbe, and was so exquisitely delighted with this poet, that after passing the nights in treasuring his verses in

his memory, he would run in the day time to the woods, and there concealing himself, he would recite his verses to the surrounding Dryads.

The astronomer, Flamsteed, was an astrologer by accident. He was taken from school on account of his illness. In the narrative of his life, he says, that Sacroboscus's Book de Sphæra, having been lent to him, he was so pleased with it, that he immediately began a course of astronomic studies. Mr. Pennant, in his life, tells us, that his first propensity to Natural History, was the pleasure he received from an accidental perusal of Willoughby's work on birds.

[The following very affecting tale appeared in the Federal Gazette, shortly after its establishment in this city, by the late Mr. Andrew Brown; and is now republished by particular request.]

History of Maria Arnold.

[From "The Speculator," lately published in London.]

IT is three years since I resided at the village of Ruysd—, a few hamlets, picturesquely situated on the banks of the rapid S—le. Here, under a humble roof, and hard by the village church, dwelt the worthy but unfortunate Frederick Arnold, the curate of a simple flock, and Maria, the gentle, the modest Maria, his only daughter.—Frederick, when I first knew him, was near sixty, a man of considerable judgment and great sensibility of heart: his religion was pure and rational, and his charity extensive; for although the curacy was but small, yet, by temperance and economy, he contrived to bestow them more than those of thrice his property. His manners were mild and engaging, his features expressive, and when he spoke to the diseased, his eyes beamed a sweetness I shall never forget; it was like the rays of an evening sun, when he shines through the watery mist. By this mode of conduct, he became the father of the village; not a soul within it but would willingly have sacrificed his happiness to oblige my amiable friend. Methinks I see him now walking across the green that spreads from the parsonage to the water's side. Here if the morning proved a fine one, would the young men and maidens of the village assemble to salute their pastor, and happy were they who, in return for a few flowers, or any other little testimony of their esteem, received a nod, a smile, or phrase of gratulation. Here also would his daughter often come attendant on her father, whom if, in my veneration for his character, I could accuse of any

—fault, it was in a too doating fondness for this lovely girl, who, had she not been blessed with an excellent disposition, would certainly have been injured by it. Maria Arnold was then eighteen, and though not handsome, yet was there a softness and expression in her countenance far superior to any regularity of feature: her eyes were dark, full and liquid; her lips red and prominent; her hair of a deep brown; her complexion pale, but when rather heated, a delicate suffusion overspread her cheek; and her person, although somewhat large, was elegant and well formed. To these external graces were superadded the much more valuable ones of suavity of disposition and tenderness of heart. Maria wept not only at the tale of fiction, at the sufferings of injured beauty, or of graceful heroism; but her pity and her bounty were extended to the loathsome scenes of squalid poverty and pale disease. Behold yon little cot, the woodbine winding over its mossy thatch! how often in that little cot have I seen her soothe the torture of convulsive agony. See one hand supports that old man's hoary head; his languid eyes are fixed on her's, and feebly as the gushing tear pours down his withered cheek, he blesses the compassionate Maria. Thou gentle being! ever in the hour of pensive solitude, when fled from cares that vex my spirit, ever did I call to mind thy modest virtues! Even now, whilst musing on the scenes of Ruysd—, even now my fancy draws the very room where, when the evening closed the labours of the weary villager, the conversation, or the music of Maria added rapture to the social hour. It was plain, I remember, but elegant, and ornamented with some sketches of Maria's in aqua tinta. At one end stood her harpsichord, and near it a mahogany case of well-chosen books: one window looked upon the green; and the other, the upper panes of which were overspread by the intermingling fibres of a jessamine tree, had the view of a large garden, where the fortunate combination of useful and picturesque beauty took place under the direction of my friend. Here the window-shutters closed, and the candles brought in, would Arnold, sitting in his arm-chair, and the tear of fondness starting in his eye, listen to the melting sweetness of Maria's voice, or, conversing on subjects of taste and morality, instruct while he highly entertained his willing auditors.

It was in one of these solitary moments of reflection, Sir, when the mind feeds on past pleasure with a melancholy joy, that I determined to take the first opportunity of once more seeing my much-loved Arnold

and his daughter; and it is three weeks since, having prepared every thing for the purpose, I left my house early in the morning; my heart throbbled with impatience, and full of anticipation, I promised myself much and lasting happiness. Occupied by these flattering ideas, I arrived on the afternoon of the third day within a mile of Ruysd—.

It had been gloomy for some time, and during the last hour, there fell much and heavy rain, which increasing rapidly, and the thunder being heard on the hills, I rode up to a farm-house within a few paces of the road. Here I met with a cordial welcome from the master of the humble mansion, whom I had known at Ruysd—, and for whom I had a sincere regard: he shook me heartily by the hand, and sat me down to his best fare; and having dried my clothes, and taken some refreshment, I told him the purport of my journey, that I had come to see the good curate and his daughter.

[To be Continued.]

ACROSTIC.

NOW pale, our Sister mourns!—her bloom—
Exulting Death!—o'ercastr in midnight gloom—
Waiting his trophies to the gaping tomb!

Yes! dread disease! oft hast thou made to moan
Old age and youth!—oft caus'd the trying groan,
Replete with pangs!—how oft! the widow sigh'd;
Kind parents mour'd, and orphans piteous cri'd.

S. P.

PHILADELPHIA,

AUGUST 27, 1803.

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.

YESTERDAY morning [25th inst.] about 4 o'clock, the inhabitants of Philadelphia were alarmed by the cry of FIRE. It proceeded from a building occupied by Mr. PINEAS DANIEL, as a lead shot manufactory, situated in Water-street, between Market and Chesnut-streets. The citizens assembled on this occasion, have a strong evidence of the utility and usefulness of the hydrants and hose. For altho' the situation of the building prevented the effectual approach of many of the engines, the fire was extinguished before 5 o'clock: after having only consumed the building in which it originated, and injuring the roofs of two adjoining houses. The wind which had blown from the north east for the previous 24 hours, had changed to a light air from the south west, and to this, we may in some measure attribute the preservation of the adjacent property. We have not been

able to obtain a satisfactory account of the cause of the fire. Whatever may be the loss of property, it can be accounted nought when compared to the personal injury received on this occasion—At the time the fire was nearly extinguished, by the fall of a chimney, three persons were stricken dead on the ground on which they stood, and 6 or 7 severely wounded. The persons deprived of life by this dreadful casualty, are—

Mr. John Clark, grocer of this city, who has left a large family, and numerous relatives to mourn his deprivation.

Mr. John Nailer, carpenter, of this city.

Thomas Riley, a young man about 20 years of age; who served his time to the shoe-making, and was born and bred near Baltimore, but latterly employed on board a shallop in the river trade.

The persons wounded are—

A son of Wm. Patton, Georges' street.

Mr. Wilson, of Mount Holly, his thigh broke, conveyed to the Pennsylvania Hospital.

Thomas Jones, apprentice to Atkinson Rose, taylor, in Market-street.

Isaac Taylor, apprentice to Meeker and Baldwin, shoe-makers.

Francis —, apprentice to Mr. Mittenberg, tinman, in Second-street.

— Rice, apprentice to Mr. Wright, sail-maker.

And a boy, apprentice to Mr. Davidson, sail-maker.

The names of two or three others who have been less injured, we have not obtained. It becomes painful to us to particularize misfortune, but in this instance we deem it necessary for the information of the relatives of the parties who are distant.

[True Amer.]

[From the Montreal Gazette, August 8.]

WE are sorry again to announce to our readers the devastation made during the last week in this city by that devouring element, fire: on Monday morning last, a little after one o'clock, the house of Mr. Langley, the latter, was perceived to be on fire, and notwithstanding very great exertions were made to prevent the conflagration spreading, that house, with his neighbour's, Dr. Selby, were entirely consumed—The former being absent from home, the greatest part of his effects were burnt—The following day about 6 o'clock, A. M. a fire broke out in Mr. Lagan's stable, supposed to have been caused from some sparks that might have lodged there from the fire the preceding day. It being fortunately in the day time, and assistance ready, the building being pulled down, and every combustible removed by the uncommon exertions of every individual, the fire was extinguished without extending any farther, altho' much damage was occasioned by the sudden removal of effects, &c. &c. &c. Agitated as the public mind naturally was, the alarm of fire again the succeed-

ing day did not serve to appease it.—On Wednesday morning about 10 o'clock, another fire was discovered in a house occupied by Mr. Hagar, which communicated to the house of Mr. Breckenridge, and altho' the house adjoining was pulled down, the flames very soon caught the store of Mr. Dunlop, which, altho' considered fire-proof, was, with its contents, entirely, with the other houses reduced to ashes—Mr. Dunlop's loss is to a very great amount. The hospital, Mr. Stanfield's and Mr. Lefebvre's houses were on fire several times, but by the very wonderful exertions of every denomination of persons, they were saved—the loss to various individuals must have been very considerable. It was by exertion only, that the whole lower Town was saved from the merciless element. As various reports had been circulated, and with some semblance of truth, that these recent fires had not been accidental, detachments of the militia have since patrolled the streets, but no certain discovery has yet been made.

Since the above was prepared for press, we lament that we have occasion to inform our readers, that about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, another fire broke out opposite to the Recollect barracks, in an out-house, which with several others, and two dwelling-houses were consumed; several other dwelling and out-houses were pulled down, and effectually prevented the extensive conflagration, which from the peculiar situation of the place where the fire was first discovered, and its vicinity to the powder magazine, gave every reason to apprehend.

FEVER IN NEW-YORK.

Reports of the Committee of Health.

August 19. Sixteen new cases, and 9 deaths; of these 3 were at Bellevue Hospital, and 6 in the city. Four persons discharged at Bellevue, cured.

August 20. Twelve new cases, and 8 deaths.

August 21. Thirty-six new cases in the last 48 hours, and 16 deaths.

August 23. Twenty-one new cases, and 7 deaths.

August 24. Twenty-eight new cases, and 5 deaths.

August 25. Twelve new cases, and 6 deaths.

Number of Interments in the city of New-York, from the 13th to the 20th inst. inclusive—Children 51; Adults 34—Total 85. Of these 34 were of the fever.

The publication of the *New-York Gazette*, edited by Messrs. Lang & Co. has been suspended on account of two of Mr. Lang's family being seized with the prevailing fever.

INTERMENTS in the different burying-grounds of the City of Baltimore, for the week, ending the 22d inst. at sun-rise—Adults, 10; Children, 20—Total, 30.

HYDROGENOUS LIGHT.

JACINTE LAVAL, of S. Carolina, advertises, that he has made the discovery, by a long course of experiments, of producing light from hydrogenous gas, capable of being applied to public use in light-houses, public edifices, gardens, manufactories, &c. In making his experiments, he says, his children running in every direction, have been so enlivened by the sudden brilliancy of the phenomenon, that they supposed the sun to have suddenly made its appearance at night; at the same time that the reflection from the lofty pines and oaks that surrounded his house presented a spectacle brilliant and roman-

tic. It is, he says, an uncommonly beautiful luminary; the light of an extraordinary vividly, and, without affecting the visual rays, displays its brightness to an immense distance. He gives, as the result of one of his experiments, the following fact:—That he has been able to read a newspaper, at 12 o'clock of a dark night, 40 yards from his apparatus, exhibiting at the time a body of hydrogen, not exceeding 3 inches in diameter in the open air.

[Salem Gaz.]

EXTRAORDINARY WOMAN.

PARIS, JUNE 15.

THE lovers of natural history may amuse themselves at the Bouvelards of the Temple, by the sight of a most extraordinary woman lately arrived from Norway.—Her skin, in other respects perfectly white, is covered in many places with numberless tufts of hair, the lower part of her face is covered with a coarse beard, like that of a man; her ears are covered with a long fine hair; her feet, hands and breast are snow white; but her legs and arms are protected in their whole extent by a thick and coarse fur.—She is a true descendant of Esau. Since her arrival in France, she has learnt to speak French tolerably well—her conversation is gay, and her voice agreeable.

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.

PETERSBURGH, MAY 20.

Princess Georgiana Maria, just getting into her carriage, to go, as she said, to Petersburg, killed Gen. Lazareff, commandant of the Russian troops in Grusinia, by stabbing him with a poinard. At the same instant the daughter of the Princess attempted to stab a Russian officer by whom the General was accompanied, he however parried the thrust; and we now wait with impatience for the details of so extraordinary an event.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 30th July, at Long Branch, where he had retired for the benefit of his health, Mr. *Edmund Darch*, in the 26th year of his age, a native of England, and for many years past a resident in Philadelphia.

—, at Red-Hook Landing, on the 8th inst. of a quick consumption, *John H. P. Livingston*, second son of Gilbert R. Livingston, esq. aged 18 years and 10 months.

—, on the 19th inst. in the Fly-market, N. York, a man by the name of *John Swing*. He had lately arrived in that city from New-Orleans, and it appears from papers found in his pocket, that he was the commander of a sloop called the Irish Volunteer.

—, at the seat of her husband, near Germantown, on the 21st inst. Mrs. *C. Bickham*, wife of George Bickham, esq. of this city.

—, on the 22d inst. at the seat of Mr. Wilcocks, near Germantown, *Sarah Williams*, aged 65 years.

—, on the 25th inst. Mr. *John Clark*, for many years a respectable merchant in this city. His death was occasioned by the falling of the chimney and walls of the building which was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 25th inst.

Mr. Clark was a gentleman of irreproachable character, and a most valuable member of society. His death will be sensibly felt by all his acquaintance, and to a surviving widow and 8 children the loss will be irreparable.

—, also, by the same accident, Mr. *John Nailer*, an

industrious and virtuous young man, a carpenter by trade. His death is attended by an accumulation of misfortune on a family already sufficiently afflicted, and of whom the deceased was the only support; his mother is a widow, and has three sons, two of them blind, and the third incapacitated from labour by infirmity. These were supported by the industry and pious affection of the deceased—to whom must they now look?

—, on the 25th, of a consumption, at the age of 27 years, *Samuel Washington Barker*, son of John Barker, Esq. of this city.

—, at New-York, of the prevailing epidemic, Mr. *John Stagg*, (father of the present Sheriff of that City) in the 71st year of his age.

A woman has lately deceased in Hungary, who was *One Hundred and Thirty-two* years of age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The editor has recently received a number of moral essays, and attempts to satirize the fashionable vices of the age, evidently written by young hands: this affords a pleasing reflection, as it is an evidence, that, amidst much prevailing depravity of manners, morality still has its friends among the rising generation. Most of these, however, from their want of perspicuity, inaccuracy of style, and redundancy of epithets improperly applied, are unfit for publication. Out of respect to the intention of the writers, the editor forbears to particularize their signatures—Some shall be selected for publication, after making a few corrections. At the same time he does not wish to discourage any of his youthful correspondents who engage in a good cause; but hopes they will continue to cherish the principles they have avowed, while they study to think more accurately and write more correctly.

The editor is requested to state, that the *Carlos* referred to in a note to *Stanzas on Rural Retreat*, (published last week) as a writer who formerly appeared in the *Mimnera*, is not the same person who writes under the signature of *Carlos* in the Repository.

Incognito is informed that most of his celebrated characters have been already enigmatized in the Repository. Several correspondents are extremely urgent to have their communications published the same week they are received, or at least noticed and their merits decided upon. They do not consider that pieces frequently come too late in the week even for examination, and that time and reflection are in all cases necessary. Besides, the editor has sometimes reasons for not immediately noticing communications which he does not think it necessary to avow.

LOST

On Thursday evening last, a RED MOROCCO POCKET BOOK, (with the owner's name engraved on the clasp) containing sundry papers; amongst which were a Bank Note of 5 dollars, and a Note drawn by *Charles Jervis*, in favour of, and endorsed by *Samuel Baker*, dated August, 1803, at 60 days, for 1000 dols.; the day of the month not mentioned, but there was a blank left for that purpose. The Public are cautioned against receiving any Note of this description, as this is the only one drawn by *Charles Jervis* during the month of August.

Whoever has found said Pocket Book, and will return it (together with the two Notes) at No. 125, South Second-street, shall be entitled to the 5 dollar Bank Note for their trouble.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN,

As I was lately looking over some private papers, I discovered the inclosed verses by JUNIA, which, some weeks since, were put into my hands, for the purpose of getting my opinion of them. What that opinion is, will be readily perceived, by my sending them to you, for a place in your useful paper.

A.

ELEGIAC LINES,

On the Death of Mrs. D—.

CALL'D from this world to that replete with bliss,
She makes th' exchange, nor mourns the loss of this;
For, in the bloom of youth, she sought her God;
And wisely in the paths of duty trod:
Charm'd with Religion, clad in robes of light,
(Majestic sweetness in her visage bright)
She chose her for her guide, and found the road,
That led her soul to happiness and God.

Adorn'd with ev'ry grace, that HEAV'N design'd
Should bless and dignify the human mind,
The Female Virtues "mark'd her for their own,"
And in her converse and her conduct shone.

Her's was a life of piety serene,
'Till death brought on the awful, final scene:
Religion then, fair Virtue's friend alone,
Around her, with resplendent glory, shone;
And, Death divesting of his dreadful pow'r,
Gave her a triumph in that trying hour.
Then, as Mortality's last flut' rings cease,
Sweet smiling Hope stood by, and whisper'd peace;
And her pure Spirit soar'd to God above,
To sing the wonders of Redeeming Love.
Two shining cherubs, near the Sacred Throne,
She now perceives, and knows to be her own—
Her Son—her Daughter—names for ever dear!—
Whom HEAV'N took first, that she might meet them
here.

What wondrous transports fill her joyful breast,
While she, amid th' assembly of the Bless'd,
Her darling children from the rest describes,
In those bright climes, where Death for ever flies!
Resplendent lustre shines in ev'ry face;
They greet each other with a sweet embrace;
Joy, bliss and rapture in their bosoms glow;
Their hearts, with gratitude and praise, o'erflow;
They join the SAVIOUR'S Ransom'd Throng above,
And sing the wonders of Redeeming Love.

JUNIA.

MR. HOGAN,

The following lines were written by a young Lady to her
Brother, at his departure to a distant country.

MAY Heaven my dearest brother guard,
From danger, and from sin;
Still may he have that sweet reward,
Of conscious peace within.

His youthful steps, may virtue guide,
Where'er he bends his way;
Oh may this pray'r not be denied,
With which I'll close each day.

Each parting day this task be mine,
Whether denied or given:
To hope, that every blessing's thine,
The rest belongs to Heaven.

A long farewell, my dearest H—,
My pray'rs shall thee attend;
Forget not (reading this adieu)
Thy sister, and thy friend.

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ACROSTIC ON MISS P—S—,

Addressed to Mr. E. T.

MAY I sing of the charms of thy favorite maid,
In all hearts—but in thine most belov'd,
Such sweetness and goodness in beauty array'd,
Such charms must by all be approv'd.

Pleasure beams in her eyes, her complexion is fair,
Health blooms in her beautiful face;
Every charm you can fancy is realiz'd there,
Bright smiles of good humour enliven her air,
Each beauty is her's—and each grace.

So blooming, so charming, this fair cottage maid,
Can I all her beauties declare?
Oh no—for I never could hope to succeed—
Then let me such folly forbear.

LOUISA.

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CHARADE.

MY first assists to make full many a name,
Well known to ev'ry school-boy, and to fame.
I stand the first on learning's lovely way,
And without me, no one a word can say:
My second stops a torrent's rapid course,
Restraints its rage, and brings to use its force....
My whole is each one's brother, each one's sire,
Though long in him, is quench'd life's genial fire.

CARLOS.

MR. HOGAN,

Passionately fond of three little simple pieces, poems, or
somethings, which appeared in the Repository, on
Bare Arms, Bosoms Bare, and Shining Eyes, I wished
to imitate all three in one, which I have attempted
in the following true relation.

Dick Demster was a pretty boy,
His father's only heir,
He fell in love with Blowzy Kate,
At water-mellon fair.

Her blood-red cheek and cow-like eye*
Took Dicky by surprise;
Love made his heart an easy prey,
And tears gush'd from his eyes.

O wretched I, quoth little Dick,
I feel fierce love's alarms;
O Blowzy Katy, thou art fair,
Thou hast ten thousand charms.†

NOTES.

* Critics must not despise Kate for having eyes like a
cow; for Juno, Homer being judge, had eyes like an ox.

† Thou hast ten thousand charms, &c.
It is very strange, tho' an absolute fact, that a boy in
love sees nothing but beauties in the object of his affec-
tions.

Search all the world from east to west,*
None with thee can compare,
So fine thy shape, thy air, thy mein,
So long thy yellow hair.

To shew the whiteness of thy skin
The white sheep vainly tries,†
And love, with never-failing darts,
Shoots fearless from thy eyes.

Come well, come woe, I'll bravely try,
To shield thy youth from harms;
Kitty shall be my wedded bride
Or death shall hold these arms.

Poor Dick went home, sick, sick of love,
Full mournful was his air,
And told his daddy what befel
In water-mellon fair.

His trusty steed dad soon bestrode,
To save his son from harms,
And if he could on Dick bestow
Kate and her thousand charms.

Kate's mammy met him on the moor,‡
And soon cri'd, neighbour, where
Do you so quickly Dobbin spur,
Your eyes so sunk with care?

Oh goody kind, the farmer said,
My Dicky pining lies,
Pierc'd thro' with darts which Cupid shot
From Kitty's sparkling eyes.

And he has sworn a manful oath,||
If not blest with her charms
To earth he'll bid a long adieu,
And lie in death's cold arms.

What Goody said I ne'er could hear,
But doubtless she spoke fair,
For in the space of ten short days
Kit married Demster's heir.

Now Dicky laughs with merry glee,
And whistles void of care;
But says he never will forget
The water-mellon fair.

PASTOR.

NOTES.

* Search all the world from east to west.

CRITIC. Why not from north to south?

AUTHOR. Because, wise Sir, when lovers are search-
ing for fair ladies they wish to have at least good light.

† The white sheep vainly tries.

CRITIC. Here the poet, you must confess, has sunk be-
low mediocrity: had he compared her whiteness with
snow, ivory, alabaster, it would have done; but a white
sheep is ridiculous.

AUTH. Softly, good friend, Dicky was as well acquaint-
ed with a white sheep, or the parson's white wig, as any
of these you mention.

‡ Kate's mammy met him on the moor.

CRITIC. This is a good line, the illiteration is beautiful;
but it has so much of the baby in it that—

AUTH. Hold, if you please, that makes it the more
complete—remember it is only an imitation.

|| And he has sworn a manful oath.

CRITIC. A manful oath! a good joke indeed, as if any
oath could be more manful than another.

AUTH. I find you and I must still differ. If manful
means bold, daring, &c. then surely a manful oath must
mean one of those which our beaux so elegantly swear
every day, in which they heartily give their souls to the
devil, and boldly set God at defiance.

CRITIC. I confess I did not view it in that point; let
it pass. But what use is in this simple tale?

AUTH. My dear sir, do you ask what use? Poets do
not at present write for such purposes: use, or instruc-
tion, would condemn the thing at once. We write, sir,
for—I beg pardon, the remainder is a secret.